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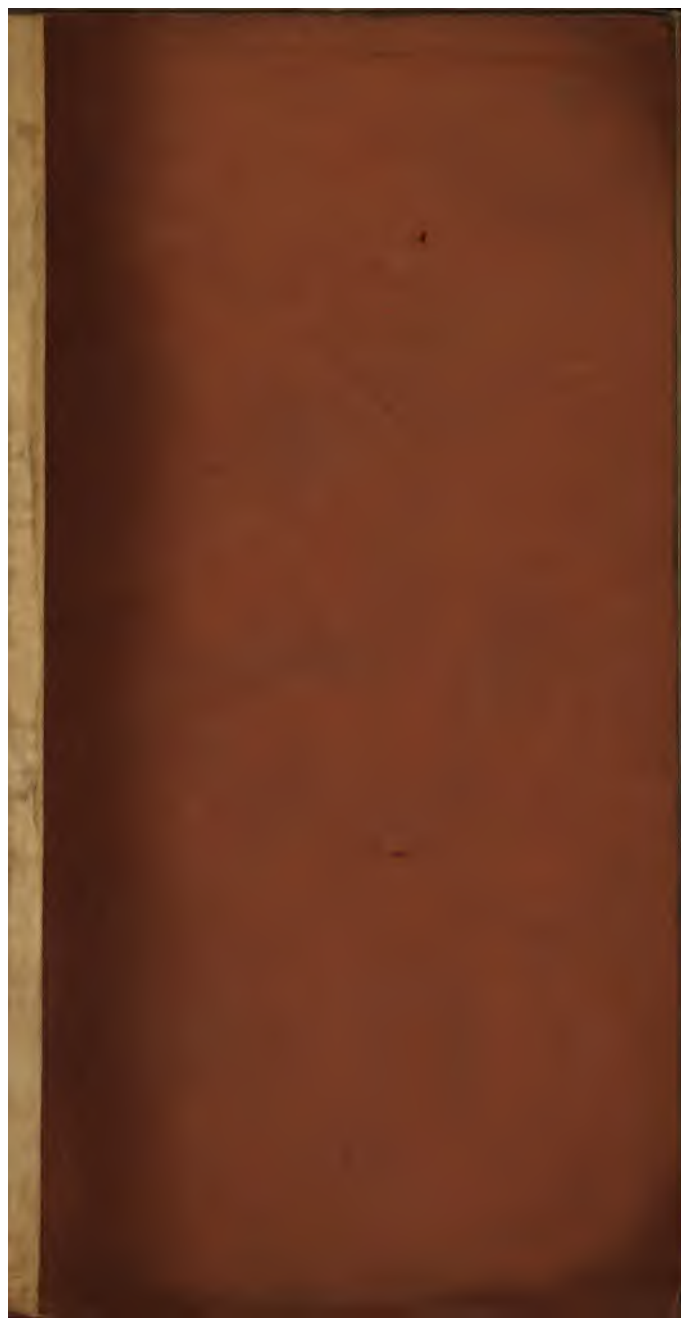
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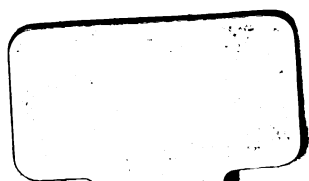
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COMIC SONGS

AND

RECITATIONS.

BY HOW EDITED BY

Mr. MERRYMAN'S MAGAZINE

STATIONER TO

MISCELLANEOUS MIRTH;

INTENDED TO PREVENT

~~Dawning on New Year's Day:~~

PROMOTE

the interest of the community.

LAUGHTER ON LADY DAY;

—MATH—

MERRIMENT AT MICHAELMAS;

AND CONTRIBUTE

COMFORT TO THE COZEY CHIMNEY CORNERS
OF CHRISTMAS.

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OXFORD

PRINTED BY JOHN LOWNDES, 36, BOW-STREET,

Sixpence.

2806. f. 10.

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 Price Five Shillings, in extra Boards,

OR,

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

OF THE LATE

AMOS LOVE, Esq.

THE

"Abundat dulcibus vitis."

BY

BY



LONDON:

JOHN LOWNDES, 36, BOW STREET,
 LONDON: JOHN LOWNDES, 36, BOW STREET.

1824

COMIC

SONGS AND RECITATIONS.

SLOMAN'S THREE PART COMIC
MEDLEY.

PART ONE.

THE Nightingale club in a village was held,
At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears;
Where the singers no doubt would have greatly
excelled

But for want of—

At the town of nate Clogheen—

Where the graces they were culling posies—

And found the finest ram, sirs, that ever was fed
on hay,

This ram was fat behind, sirs, this ram was fat
before,

This ram was—

A flaxen headed cowboy as simple as may be,

And next a merry ploughboy who sung—

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,

A merry old soul was he,

He called for—

The lass of Patie's mill, so bonny, blyth, and gay,

In spite of all my skill, she stole—

A bold dragoon, with his—

Oh dear what can the matter be!

For all the girls that are so smart

There's none like little Sally,

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives—
 With Robin Adair,
 What made the ball so fine,
 What made the assembly shine?
 Oh it was—
 The rum old Commodore,
 The fighting old Commodore,
 For the bullets and the gout
 Have so knock'd your hull about,
 That you'll never be fit for—
 The maid of Lodi, who sweetly sung to me—
 Call again to-morrow, call again to-morrow,
 Can't you, can't you, call again to-morrow.

BART TWO.

A master I have, and I am his man,
 Gallopping dreary dun,
 And he'll get—
 A regiment of Irish dragoons,
 And they were quartered—
 In a mouldering cave, the abode of despair,
 Where Britannia was weeping her loss,
 She mourned for her Wolfe, and exclaimed in
 despair,---
 'Twas in the good ship Rover, I sail'd the world
 around,
 And for ten years and over, I ne'er touched---
 Roy's wife of Aldivalach,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalach,
 Wat ye how she cheated me---
 In the bay of Biscay, O!---
 Cease rude Boreas, blustering railer,
 List ye landsmen all to me,
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor, sing---
 Oh, hush thee my darling,

The hour will soon come,
 When thy sleep will be broken by—
 The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree,
 The woodpecker tapping—
 Sally's wooden ware,
 Who all for money barter, ---
 Her pins, her toys, her top-knots' rate,
 Her bodkins, lace, and—
 Paddy Shannon high mounted on his trotting
 little poney,
 Sat off on a journey from Leather-lane to Bow,
 'To ogle Widow Wilkins, whom he courted for
 her money—
 And tugging at his bridle, cried—
 Don't I look spruce on my niddy,
 In spite of his kicking and prancing,
 Gee up, and gee ho, and stand steady,
 Mister niddy I'm not fond of—
 When absent from her my soul holds most dear,
 What a medley of passions, what a medley of—
 Old chairs to mend,
 Old chairs to mend—
 Very good song, very well sung,
 Jolly companions every one—
 Thus the nightingale club gaily kept up their
 clamour,
 And were nightly knock'd down by the president's
 hammer,
 Were nightly, were nightly knock'd down,
 Knock'd down by the president's hammer.

THE PART THREE. THE

Your pardon kind gentlefolks, pray
 I'm called to read out the song, and
 And when a lady called on the way—

Come bustle neighbour Prig,
 Buckle on your Sunday wig,
 In your Sunday clothes so gaily---
 Together let us range the fields---
 While the wolfe in nightly prow,
 Bays the moon with---
 Will you come to the bower,
 I have shaded for you, ---
 Your bed shall be---
 On the spot in ancient lore oft nam'd---
 Where Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,
 Ri, tol de rol de ra,
 If you loves I as I loves you---
 On this cold flinty rock, I will lay down my head,
 Bound 'prentice to a waterman, I learnt a bit to
 row,
 But bless your heart I always was so gay---
 That to treat an old woman in Yorkshire
 In Yorkshire she did dwell---
 She loved---
 Billy Taylor, a brisk young fellow
 Wery full of mirth, wery full of glee,
 And his mind he did diskiver, to---
 A frog he would a wooing go,
 Heigho, I says Rowley,
 Whether his mother would let him or no,
 With his---
 Here's a health to all good lasses,
 Here's a health to---
 God save great George our King,
 Long live our noble King,
 God save the King.

THE SUSSEX CLOWN.

A comic Tale.

We argued, Dick, last night, at drinking,
 What most directs the soul in thinking

Much was advanc'd, both *pro* and *con*,
 But nothing was resolv'd upon;
 More cool this morn, for thinking better,
 I've hit the cause, and send this letter:

Philosophers, who search to find
 What with most power sways the mind,
 May safely all consent to this—
 That prejudice that tyrant is;
 For, just as that directs the sight,
 Justice seems wrong, and wrong seems right;
 Firmly tenacious to a thought,
 As first by priest or nurse we're taught,
 But not to rhyme in learn'd essay;
 In familiar, doggerel lay,
 To clear this matter, I'll not fail,
 And thus I send a humble tale.

As you to Chichester go down,
 In Sussex road there stands a town,
 Where you would think the distant church
 Had left its parish in the lurch;
 For all who'd hear the parson preach,
 Must walk a mile the church to reach;
 And, what was worse, some years ago,
 All were oblig'd to trudge quite thro'
 A long lane, dirty, stiff, with clay,
 Because there was no other way.
 Hence, those who would not nags beside,
 Or those who had no nags to ride,
 Often in winter had the luck,
 In miry rut to be fast stuck;
 And, while one foot they rais'd with pothers,
 Deeper and faster sunk the others;
 To the lane's end, from its beginning,
 Was one continued scene of sinning;
 For, tho' from praying came, all swore
 Loud as they sung their psalms before.
 The sober clerk could not forbear,
 Sometimes it made the parson swear.

Thus had this miry, toilsome lane,
 A constant parish nuisance been;
 From sire to sire, from son to son,
 All curs'd the way, yet kept it on:
 Till a new vicar did persuade,
 That a new path-way should be made,
 On which the people clean might go,
 And leave the miry slime below.
 A vestry's call'd, and all agree
 To have the path made instantly.

Now, without labour, pain, or toil,
 They trip it o'er the gravel'd soil;
 Without splash'd cloaths, or dirty feet,
 The lads appear all trim and neat:
 The lasses no heart-achings know;
 For the white coat or red-heel'd shoe;
 But clean along the old way's side,
 Each seems a bridegroom or a bride.
 You'd think that all would leave the lane,
 And to the dirt prefer the clean.

"Aye, surely, what a thought you've had!
 "He who'd deny it must be mad."

Yet one there was within the town,
 Call'd Hodge, a headstrong, stubborn clown,
 With miry boots, and coat high girt,
 Would still trudge thro' the ancient dirt.

"Trudge through the dirt, sir! what pretence;
 "'Tis e'en against all common sense."

What seems 'gainst common sense to you,
 He thought to reason strictly true.

For, when once jeer'd at by a friend,
 Who clean on the high path did go,

He did his folly thus defend,
 And surely answer'd from below—

"As long as I remember you,

"Nay past the memory of man,

"Our fathers, and their fathers too,

"This very dirty lane went thro'

"And surely, Tom, you must agree,
 "Our fathers were as wise as we;
 "As well as they could have laid
 "Their gravel, and that path-way made:
 "But thro' this lane they took their route;
 "And had their reasons for't, no doubt.
 "Altho' their reasons now unknown,
 "Yet still our duty should be shown;
 "For swerving from our fathers' rules,
 "Is calling all our fathers' fools,
 "This prejudice in me ye name,
 "In you it is the very same:
 "The only difference I'll unfold;
 "Yours is for new things—mine for old
 "Therefore, let no dispute be had,
 "I think your way, you think mine, bad;
 "I say you're fools, you say I'm mad.
 "But say, my friends, whate'er you will,
 "I'll keep my sense and humour still;
 "Still trudge the old paternal way,
 "Stick in hereditary clay;
 "Not turn a madman to be clean—
 "Keep you your path, and I my lane."

THE MORAL.

I'd have you know, my Sussex clown,
 The picture is of some in town;
 For all whom prejudice can sway,
 Who're led by that in a wrong way,
 Firmly tenacious to their will,
 Plod in paternal folly still;
 The fair plain truth they see, yet hate,
 And errors keep in church and state;
 Like sacred oracles, adore 'em,
 Because—their fathers did before 'em.
 Thus all who, strict to ancient rules,
 Prove mere hereditary fools;
 Whether to patriots they resort,
 Or pension have, or place at court;

Whether they think it most their glory
 To be firm Whig, or strenuous Tory;
 Or, if high-flown, for church they stickle,
 And rail with zeal 'gainst conventicle,
 Or, if non-cons they fire the people
 With pious hate against a steeple;
 All who paternal faults admire,
 Down from his grace, to humble 'squire,
 From his lordship in cathedral stall,
 To Master Plain at Satter's-hall;
 All, in their way, must be confess'd,
 To be mere Hodges at the best.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

A comic Song.

You all must agree that the world's epitome
 May be found in a London Newspaper;
 From parts far and wide, we get news in a tide,
 Of every grand fete and odd caper,
 At the Coffee-house met, what a queer-looking
 set.

With spectacles fixed on their noses;
 Politicians in a score, o'er the pages how they pore,
 And devour the grand news it discloses.

With their Electioneering, Volunteering,
 Abdication, botheration, city feasts, wild
 beasts,

Price of gold, bought and sold,
 And in business who wins and who loses.

Spoken.) Waiter, could I get that there paper?
 No, Sir, but you can have this here one.—Waiter.
 Sir.—Bring me the Star.—Not come in yet, Sir.—
 How is that;—All owing to the long debate in the
 House of Commons; the Day didn't come till late
 last night, and we don't expect the Evening Star

till the morning.—Here's a boy arrived now, with some papers.—Boy, what papers are those? The World and the Globe, sir.—Waiter, that's damned queer to see a boy coming into a Coffee-room, with the World in the one hand and the Globe in the other.—Waiter, what paper's this? That's the sun, sir.—Why it's wet.—Yes, sir, wet Sun, a great deal of rainy weather lately.—Waiter.—Sir.—Bring me a candle.—What to do sir. Why to see the Sun with.—What can't you see the Sun without a candle.—In our country, they can, sir.—Waiter, why this file of Englishman is very imperfect?—Yes, sir, no wonder, we have imported a great number to France lately.—Waiter, will you bring me the Morning Post?—It's on the other side, sir.—Then bring me the Courier.—That's on the same side too, sir.—Why waiter, these papers are all torn, the Times is quite unintelligible.—Yes, sir, it takes a very clever man to read the Times just now, they're very far gone.—Waiter.—Sir.—Will you tell that gentleman with the spectacles, that's sitting in No. 3, that he cannot do better than set the British Press at liberty.—I beg your pardon, sir, will you be so kind as exchange your Press for a Post. No, sir, but I will exchange my Statesman for an Independent Whig.—I beg your pardon, sir, I just now gave the wig to that gentleman with the bald head.—Waiter, this Statesman's most abominably dirty and ragged.—got me another. We haven't got another.—Why then, damn me, go and buy one, I'm sure, there's plenty of Statesmen to be bought.—
 Keep it up that's the way
 All agog every day
 At business who wins and who loses
 In country or town from the Peer to the shaven

In Europe's great affairs never tiring;
 Politicians you know may be found at the plough,
 What's the news? what's the news? all in-
 quiring
 Hark! the horn's twanging sound, thro' the vil-
 lage resound,
 Announce that the news come so late in,
 While parties are seen each night at the inn,
 And for news most impatiently waiting,
 With their electioneering, volunteering,
 Abdication, botheration, city feasts, wild beasts,
 Price of gold, bought and sold,
 And in business who wins and who loses.

(Spoken.) Waiter, will you tell that gentle-
 man in the armed chair to read *Pro Bono*.—Don't
 take that paper in, sir.—Landlord will you be
 kind enough to read out.—I am sorry gentlemen
 I can't see very well at first sight, on account of
 the stops.—Why, then put a period to your exis-
 tence.—Will Mr. Bokall, the undertaker, favour us.
 No, sir, I object to that.—Why so?—Because he
 always begins with the deaths and that's so pro-
 fessional.—Will Mr. Parchment, the solicitor, read
 out or show cause why he refuses.—Sir, I'll do
 what I can, I hate any thing professional, let me
 see what's this, *Watkins versus Watkins*.—This
 was an action brought by the plaintiff against the
 defendant for the recovery of a sum of £9 19s
 10d.—O come, come, that won't do, we don't
 want law, do we doctor. No, I think the most
 amusing part of the paper is the accidents.—Let
 me see what's this—As a chimney sweep on Tues-
 day evening was at work on the top of a house
 in Princes-street he was by a sudden gust of wind
 blown as far as the South Bridge, he fell at the
 door of Sivewright's Lottery Office, where tick-
 ets and shares are selling—poo, poo, a lottery

—puff; we don't like puffs, do we Mr. Pastry Cook?
 —I beg your pardon, I don't dislike puffs, 'Live and
 —let Live' that's my motto.—Well, gentlemen, I'll
 —dry land unless you be aware of puffs then—O,
 —I'm not to be had, sir, but I think I smell a puff
 —the moment I take the paper in my hand.—News
 —from Madrid—dam me this can't be a puff—By an
 —extraordinary courier arrived in London yesterday,
 —he brings the following interesting news:—King
 —Ferdinand the 7th against the advice of his No-
 —bles, the Cortes, and the Ultras, has fixed his firm
 —determination to use no other than Warren's Ja-
 —pan Blacking, to be had at No. 100—poo! poo!
 —also to nobilise a So keep it up, &c.

—Tho' they differ in name all alike, just the same;
 —Morning Chronicle, Day, Advertiser, London
 —British Press, Morning Post, Herald, Times, &c.
 —what a host,
 —We read every day and grow wiser,
 —The Examiner, Whig all alive to the gig,
 —While each one his favourite chooses:
 —Times, Star, and Sun to keep up the fun,
 —And to tell all the world what the news is,
 —With their electioneering, volunteering,
 —Abdication, botheration, city feasts, wild
 —beasts,
 —Price of gold bought and sold,
 —And in business who wins and who loses,

(Second Edition.) Let's see what's this!—We
 —stop the press to announce that if any thing of
 —importance arrives respecting the expected vic-
 —tory it will be published in the afternoon in a
 —third edition.

(Third Edition.) We publish a third edition,
 —to announce that nothing has occurred since our

last, very pleasant news indeed, but how amusing it is to read the newspapers cross ways—last night a young gentleman made his first appearance in the arduous character of Hatalet—he performed it with ease, in less than fifteen minutes—Lost a lady's lap dog, answers to the name of Pompy, if he will return to his disconsolate parents, nothing will be said respecting his former conduct—A beautiful spotted Ox of the Leicestershire breed is exhibiting at Exeter for the benefit of herself and her six lovely children—An ill looking fellow was taken up to Bow street on suspicion of being concerned in several robberies, on searching his pockets, there was found a waggon five horses and a chaldron of coals—An overdrawn Ox ran down Fleet street entered the shop of Messrs. Baillie's glass manufactory—due notice will be given of his second appearance. The cat of Lady Dimbleton was lately brought to bed of—an army of ten thousand men, all ready for embarkation—Wants a place as groom a young man of respectable connexions and unexceptionable character, letters post-paid will find him—double-ironed in Newgate for horse stealing—Lost a lady's ridicule, its contents are a clock and a chest of drawers—On Monday last, an unfortunate female applied at Shadwell Police Office, after telling a most interesting and effecting story, she was ordered to be printed and lie on the table—Married at Leeds Mr. Joshua Jones to Miss Isabella Jenkins, the minister performed the awful ceremony of the law—he seemed fully resigned to his fate—he was a good looking young man about five-and-twenty years of age, and in all other respects conducted himself with becoming propriety.

notice him a standing W (not a V) and
 no more. be sure to and **Keep it up** and

IRISH PROVIDENCE.

A comic Song.

Air:—The Sprig of Shillelagh.

My darling, says Pat, to his spouse on his lap,
At present writing we're not worth a rap,

With our faces so lean and no duds on our back;
Our cow and our pig, my dear Norah are dead,
Not a single potatoe is left us for bread;
The science of ploughing my father taught me,
So I'll e'en try the water and plough the salt sea.

With my Jill sing Jack, sing biblio whack.

Says Norah, when you're on the ocean my life,
Sure providence then will take care of your wife,
For no babies have we, not a Jill nor a Jack.

But when Pat was away, what did providence do?
Made the Squire build for Norah a cabin quite

new;

He furnished it gaily to dry up her tears,
And peopled it too in the course of two years,

With his Jill sing Jack, &c.

But when Paddy returned, how it gladdened his
heart

To see his dear Norah so fine and so smart,
With her rings in her ears, and her silks on her
back;

And who furnished for you this cabin? says Pat,
'Twas providence, says Norah, himself that did

that!
Then providence, Pat cried, as looking around,
Is the neatest Upholsterer ever was found.

With his Jill sing Jack, &c.

Then Norah, dear Norah, tell me if you please,
Whose four little chubby checked rascals are
these?

These pretty gossoons with their looks all so
black,

They are mine Pat; by providence sent do you see.
Oh! botheration says Pat, 'bout that don't hum-
bug me;

For if providence minds to send legs to your chairs,
Sure he'll never forget to send fathers for heirs.

With his Jill sing Jack, &c.

Oh! Norah, when I've been upon the salt sea,
By St Patrick, you've been a big traitress to me.
May whisky console me, for I'm on the rack,
For if providence peoples my cabin with brats,
While I'm sailing over five herrings and sprats,
Mr. Deputy Providence never will do,

So to him and old Nick, I kick babies and you.

With your Jill sing Jacky, &c.

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

A comic Tale.

Young Slouch, the farmer, had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniences of life.
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied,
The wit which nature had to her denied.
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
This made censorious persons of the town,
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
For if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers and lock up his shoes.
Talking he loved, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted.
Yet still into his story she would break,
With—" 'Tis not so; pray give me leave to speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling him a fool!

Told him he must exert himself, and be,
In fact, the master of his family?
He said, "That the next Tuesday noon would
shew,

"Whether he were the lord at home, or no;
"When their good company he would entreat,
"To well brew'd ale, and clean, if homely meat,
With aching heart, home to his wife he goes;
And on his knees does his request disclose,
And prays, dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast!
"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may
see

"'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me.
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowsy farmer with his simpering dame.

"Ho, Sue," cries Slouch, "Why dost not thou
appear,

"Are these thy manners when aunt Sapp is here?"

"I pardon ask," says Sue; "I'd not offend

"Any my dear favites, much less his friend!

Slouch, by his kinsman Gruffy, had been taught

To entertain his friends by finding fault;

So made the main ingredient of the treat,

His saying—"There was nothing fit to eat;

"The boiled pork stinks, the roast beefs not
enough,—

"The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough,—

"The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;

"And thus I buy good meat for wits to spoil.

"'Tis we are the first Slouches ever sat

"Down to a pudding without plums or fat.

"What teeth or stomachs strong enough, to feed

"Upon as good my gilliman kept to breed?"

"Why must old pigeons, and they stale; be drest,

"When there be so many squabs in the nest?"

"This beer is sour,—'tis musty, thick, and stale,

"And worse than any things,—except the ale!"

Sue all this while many excuses made,
Some faults she owned, at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.
Then cheese was brought,—says Slouch, "This
e'en shall roll,

"I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bow,"

"This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go,"

"And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste

Nor longer could dissimulation last.

"Pray let me rise," says Sue, "my dear, I'll find

"A cheese, perhaps, may be to lovey's mind."

Then in an entry, standing close, where he

Alone, and none of all his friends, might see,

And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,

And far enough on this occasion, smelt,

"I'll try, my joy," she cried, "if I can please

"My dearest, with a taste of his old cheese."

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous

Wielding her taken sapling of command;

Knew well the twang,—"Is't the old cheese,

my dear?"

"No need, no need of cheese," cried Slouch,

"I'll swear,

"I think I've din'd as well as my lord mayor."

MISS PATTY PUFF AND HER TWO

SWEETHEARTS.

A Comic Song.

Air, "The Bold Dragoon."

THERE was a gay man milliner; his name was

Jimmy Twist,

And at making caps and bonnets he'd a mighty

pretty list;

With his shrimps, and thread, and fitting head,

His grays and gimp, long thread and needle,
 Oh! he low'd his pastry, cook and he thought left
 his heart to wheedle it with his whack, &c.
 There was a spruce shoemaker, a dabster at an awl,
 They called him Billy Boot, and he kept a pretty
 stall,

With his boot and shoe, and lapstone too,
 His wax-end, grinding-strap, and hammer,
 Oh! he loved this pretty trade too, and he told her
 many a crammer. With his whack, &c.

Miss Patty Puff thus loved by both, and loving both
 they say,

Was like the donkey in the tale between two sacks
 of hay,

With her flames, and darts, and apple tarts
 Her ices, trifles, cherry brandy,

Oh! she knew not which to choose for shew thought
 them both the dandy. With her whack, &c.

The rivals met, the seconds charged their pistols
 for attack,

Timmy Twist's with cotton balls, Billy Boot's
 with cobbler's wax,

With their jests and jokes, a funny hoan
 Their powder, priming, and their paces,

Tho' they'd courage in their hearts, they'd the
 dish-cloth in their faces, Whack, faldern, &c.

The seconds signal gave to flee, when Timmy
 swooned away,

And Billy not observing him, ran on without delay,
 With his paste and pegs, and nimble legs,

While both the seconds laugh and hoot him,
 Oh! he stuck fast in a hedge, and rear'd out fast

Tim should come and shoot him, Whack, &c.

Come all you modern heroes, who'd your courage
 save from fright,

Be sure to tell the constables when challenges you
 write;

With your guns and swords, and great big words,
Which off weak stomachs come so clever,
Oh! they'll bind you to the peace, then ydu may
brag as much as ever, About your whack, &c.

THE CAT O' NINE TAILS.

A comic Tale.

Once on a time, as I've heard say,
(I neither know the year nor day)
The rain distill'd from many a cloud,
The night was dark, the wind blew loud:
A country squire, without a guide,
Where roads were bad, and heath was wide,
Attended by his servant, Jerry,
Was travelling towards the town of Bury.
The squire had ne'er been bred in Courts;
But yet was held, as fame reports,
Though he to wit made no pretence,
A squire of more than common sense.
Jerry, who courage could not boast,
Thought, every sheep he saw a ghost,
And most devoutly pray'd he might
Escape the terrors of that night.
As they approach the common side,
A peasant's cottage they espy'd:
There riding up, our weary squire,
Held it most prudent to inquire,
Being nothing less than wet to skin,
Where he might find a wholesome inn.
"No inns there are," replied the clown,
"I wixt this and yonder market-town."
"Seven miles nor-west, across the heath;
And wind and rain are in your teeth."
"But if so be, sir, you will go
To yon old hall upon the brow,

" You'll find free entertainment there, and don't
 " Down beds, and rare old English fare,
 " Of beef and mutton, fowl and fish, good and
 " As good as any man need wish; there may be
 " Warm stabling, too, and corn, and hay;
 " Yet not a penny will you pay, and I'll be
 " 'Tis true, sir, I have heard it said, but
 [And here he grinn'd and scratch'd his head]
 " The gentleman that keeps the house,
 " Though very freedom he allows,
 " And o'er night is so wondrous civil I doubt not
 " You'd swear he never dreamt of evil;
 " Orders next morn his servant John
 " With cat-o'-nine-tails to lay on
 " Full twenty strokes, most duly counted;
 " On man and master, ere they mounted
 " With cat-o'-nine-tails! Oh, cried Jerry,
 " That I were safe at Edmund's Bury!
 Our squire spurr'd on as he rode, directed
 This offer might not be rejected
 Poor Jerry's prayers could not dissuade
 The squire, more curious than afraid,
 Arrives, and rings, the footman runs;
 The master, with his wife and sons
 Descend the hall, and bid him enter;
 Give him dry clothes, and beg he'll venture
 To take a glass of Coniah brandy;
 And he, who hated words to bandy,
 In idle complimentary speeches,
 The brandy took, and ate the treaches.
 The liquor drank, the garments chang'd;
 The family round the fire rang'd,
 The mistress begg'd to know if he
 Chose coffee, chocolate, or tea;
 The squire replied, sans hesitation,
 Or teasing trite expostulation—
 " A dish of coffee and a toast
 The mistress, smiling, then presented

Cried, "Sir, I like your frankness much ;
 " This house is yours, pray think it such ;
 " While here you stay ; 'tis my request,
 " And you shall be a welcome guest !
 " Sans ceremony I would live,
 " And what I have I freely give."
 Tea ended ; once again our host
 Demanded—"Sir, of boil'd or roast,
 " Fish, flesh, or fowl, do you prefer
 " For supper ?"—" Why, indeed good sir,
 " Roast duck I love."—"With good green peas?"
 " Yes, dearest madam, if you please !"
 " Well said ! Now, while 'tis getting ready,"
 " We two, my eldest son, and lady,
 " Will take a hand at whist ?"—" Agreed !"
 And soon they cut for deal, and lead.
 But now, to crimp my lengthen'd tale,
 Whether 'the squire drank wine or ale,
 Or how he slept, or what he said,
 Or how much gave to man or maid ;
 Or what the while became of Jerry,
 'Mong footmen blithe and maidens merry ;
 Description here we can't admit,
 For " brevity's the soul of wit,"
 Suffice to say, the morn arriv'd,
 Jerry of senses half depriv'd,
 Horses from stable saw to let out,
 Trembled, and sculk'd, and peer'd about,
 And felt already every thwack
 Of cat-o-nine-tails on his back.
 Each word, each action, was a blunder ;
 But O how great his joy and wonder,
 The stirrups held, the horses cross'd,
 When forth the hostess, and the host,
 With smiles, instead of lashes smarting,
 Came out to take a cup at parting ;
 Bestowing a thousand welcomes on 'em,
 Unfeign'd, for all the honour done 'em.

Of thanks, what language could afford;
Of cat-o-nine-tails, not a word!

Mutual civilities repaid,
The squire had turn'd his horse's head,
To gallop off to yet his desire
Grew every moment higher;
While bidding thus his last adieu,
To ask if what he'd heard were true:
For ere alone the crown had said
The reckoning must in stripes be paid;
But one look between, when he shyly
O'er night interrogated, shyly
Confirmed the aforesaid peasant's tale,
And said his master would not fail;
Next morn, to bid, in furious passion,
Strong John say twenty times the lash on;
Determin'd then to ease his doubt,
E'en tho' it were a logging-bout
(Of that however, to be sincere,
He was not very much in fear.)

Once more he turn'd his horse's head,
And to his host thus, smiling, said—
“ Last night a peasant told me; here,
“ As I have found, was noble cheer;
“ But added, ere this morn I went;
“ You'd drub me to my heart's content;
“ Yet this you have not put in act!
“ Is it a fiction or a fact,
“ After the kindness you've express'd,
“ You take your leave thus of each guest?
“ And how, if still a rule you've kept it,
“ Have I deserv'd to be excepted?
“ Sir,” answer'd he, “ this very true,
“ No stranger ever went hence, but you,
“ Who bore not, on his well-carv'd back,
“ Of cat-o-nine-tails many a mark.
“ None yet deserv'd, or I'm mistaken,
“ That I should pry, and spate their bacon!”

" A set of timesome, troublesome, unavest
 " Of bowing, fawning, lying slaves
 " If a man ask what they'd prefer
 " Oh, I love any thing is good air
 " Would you choose coffee, sir, or tea?
 " Dear ma'am, it's all the same to me
 " For beef or mutton give your voice
 " Upon my honour, I've no choice
 " There's Cheshire, sir, and Gloucester cheese
 " Which shall I send you? Which you please
 " Curse on their gringing compliments
 " I've tutor'd some of them to dance
 " Such steps as they ne'er learn in France
 " But you, good sir, on I misdeem
 " Deserve an honest man's esteem
 " Your frankness, sir, I call polite
 " I never spent a happier night
 " And whensoe'er this road you come
 " I hope you'll make my house your home
 " Nay, more; I likewise hope, henceforth
 " To rank a man of so much worth
 " Among my friends, " Sir," said the squire
 " 'Tis what I ardently desire
 " Not twenty miles from hence my house
 " At which your sons, yourself, and spouse
 " Shall find such hospitality
 " As kindly here you've shewn to me
 The bargain struck, the squire and Jerry
 Again proceed for town of Bury
 And now the reader may, with ease
 Extract this moral, if he please
 Politeness cannot ever become
 Impertinent and troublesome;
 His breeding good he soonest proves,
 Who soonest tells you what he loves;
 And who, in rapid eloquence,
 Their wordy compliments dispense
 Have more civility than sense.

THE UNFORTUNATE
HISTORY OF RICHARD SHORT AND
NELLY LONG.

A Comic Song.

AIR—"The Legacy."

Did you never hear of one Richard Short's history,
If you did not I'll tell it you now ;
All over our town it was thought quite a mystery,
He was a young man that followed the plough,
But he got tired of that kind of life, did,

Was hired as ostler at the sign of the Crown,
Fell in love with the maid, wanted her for a wife,
did,

'Twas very well known to the folk of our town.

This lass, Nelly Long, was dressish and dapper,
And tho' our Dick was a good-looking lad,
She scobbed him, and scoffed him, for she was
a snapper,

And said as right how, that she war'nt to be had.
For she loved a lad that was more handsome and
bigger,

And he came frae Lunnan and was'nt a clown ;
His name it was Sly, and he was a grave digger,
And was very well known to the folk in our
town.

Now as Nelly right flat like his wife did refuse
to be,

Richard he lost all his comfort and hope ;
And said as he did'nt feel like what he used to be,
He'd hang himself if he could find a rope.
He wandered about while with love he did falter,
But the devil a rope he could find up or down,
So he twisted a hay-band, and made him a halter,
'Twas very well known to the folk in our town.

He hung himself up to a tree in a meadow,
He felt all over he could't tell how ;
His legs were a stretching his feet could'nt tread, O,
When up came by chance farmer Giles's old cow,
She snapped at the hay and took hold of the band
fast,
Plucked out a mouthful which brought Dicky
down ;
He jumped on his legs and away then he ran fast
And was never more seen by the folk in our town
Now mark what a judgment came on this lass
Nelly ;
For being so hard-hearted to this poor lad ;
She by the grave digger got stout about belly,
And he ran away leaving her all so sad .
She when too late found she was betrayed , and
Relations they all turned their back with a
frown ;
She laid-in and her boy it was marked with a
hay-band,
It was very well known to the folk in our town

THE NUN AND THE ABBESS,

A comic Tale.

That we by nature all are frail,
That passion often will prevail,
Is too well known for me to teach:
Prepost'rous then it is to preach
Of faults in others, when we know
That we the same things daily do.
For tho' hypocrisy a while
May screen us, and the world beguile,
A shame where e'er the devil's in debt,
'Tis ten to one but he cries quit,

And by some accident reveals,
All that the would-be saint conceals ;
Whips off the vizard in a trice,
And shews the naked face of vice ;
So in one moment shames us more
Than all whom we expos'd before.

In gay Boccace, this tale we find,
A shrewd example of the kind.

In days of yore, in Lombardy,
There stood a well endow'd abby ;
Where all the sisters thought good cheer
A mighty help to pious pray'r,
And daily flutter'd at the gate,
Where num'rous gallants always wait.
Be sure no harm, poor souls, they meant,
To see life's follies their intent ;
A needful thing you must allow,
For who can hate before they know ?

Their Lady Abbess was a prude,
So over nice, so very good,
That sanctity was all her joy,
No time from that she could employ,
Talk'd always in a pious way,
And pray'd at least ten times a day ;
Then in her charge so very zealous,
A word, a smile, would make her jealous,
And if a nun look'd not demure,
It cost a lecture of an hour.

The dames themselves in tempers vary,
Some dull, some gay, some mad, some merry,
Of sprightliest mould, those who were fair,
Such as were homely, more severe,
Who, from the nature of the sex,
Unfit for love, were prone to vex,
Still with the Lady Abbess sided,
And at coquetry always chided ;
Start at the very name of man ;
And wonder how such thoughts began ;

From texts and fathers prove it plain
 That dress and ornaments were vain:
 Still dinning thus the young one's ears,
 'Till the poor things were drown'd in tears,
 Though the great crime was in plain truth
 Their beauty, and the charms of youth.
 Too soon by rigid parents plac'd,
 This abbey many a fair-one grac'd;
 But all the rest did Isabell
 For form, for wit, so much excel,
 That equal torments from their love
 The beaus and belies from envy prove.

From all the butterfly gallants,
 Who would make sinners of these saints!
 Young Florio bore away the bell,
 Florio, the ladies non-pareil;
 In dress, in person, so complete,
 So gay, so pert, so full of wit,
 That he like Isabel doth prove
 The büt of envy and of love.

Framed as if Nature had design'd
 They should be to each other kind,
 Love was a stranger to their thought,
 'Till at one glance they both were caught.
 Thus steel and flint do flame unfold,
 Though till their meeting both were cold.

Their mutual flame warm thoughts inspir'd,
 Both nearer intercourse desir'd:
 But vows, alas! and what was worse
 Walls, gates, and bars obstruct their course.
 Walls, gates, and bars! say you, what then?
 Lovers are always more than men!
 Why so it prov'd; for Florio found
 A way to undermine the ground,
 That often at the dead of night
 Burglariously he stole delight,
 Till at th' approach of tell-tale day,
 The am'rous thief fled swift away.

An intercourse like this of old,
As by Musæus we are told,
Made Sestos and Abydos wonder,
The Hero she, and he Leander.

Long thus in joy our lovers liv'd,
Their daily cares by night reliev'd,
'Till fortune like a cross-grain'd jade,
Their covert happiness betray'd,
And brought a demon, in the form
Of an old maid, to work them harm.

She passing Isabella's cell,
Like Ralpho soon the rat did smell:
Two tongues, methinks, (quoth she) I hear!
My life; my love! my soul! my dear!
Spoke with such transport and emotion,
As plainly prov'd it was not devotion,
Confirm'd her strait. Away she flies,
To fetch a guard of female spies,
That at the lovers door might wait,
And surely cut off all retreat.
They come,—as carrion-crows they watch,
Or bloodhound-bayliffs on the catch.
While others as malicious went
To give the fatal secret vent,
Knock'd at the Lady Abbess's door,
As if they'd beat it on the floor.
Amaz'd at such unusual din,
And somewhat busy too within,
What would you have so late at night?
I've dropp'd my candle in the fright.
O sister Isabell!—What of her?
Has let some lover in we fear.

A saucy minx! Stay, good now stay,
I'll slip my gown and come away.
So said, her veil thrown on before,
She goes, but first she locks her door.
Now soon is their impatience eas'd.
And arm in arm the lovers seiz'd:

The spark confin'd is left to stay.
 Poor Isabella's dragg'd away;
 Strait to the chapter-house is brought,
 All triumph in the fair one's fault.
 Her chair the Lady Abbess in,
 Thus did her loud reproof begin:

Lewd wretch! who by no bounds confin'd,
 Nor modesty nor vows could bind;
 How, after this so shameful night,
 Wilt thou behold the face of light?
 Where from thy conscience can'st thou fly?
 How hope to live or think to die?
 Still on at the same rate she went;
 Poor Is'bell's eyes were downward bent,
 While all the envious standers-by
 Twitter with a malicious joy.
 But Isabell at last by chance
 Rais'd up her head with happy glance
 And on the Abbess' forehead saw
 Something that made an awkward shew:
 Gath'ring her wits, she look'd again,
 The second view reveal'd it plain.
 The Abbess saw her wand'ring eye,
 What, hussey, have you no reply?
 Wont all that I have said prevail?
 Good madam, rectify your veil.
 My veil, you sancy slut, how now!
 Pray, madam, see what shades your brow.
 O dire mischance, she in her haste
 Had there the Parson's breeches plac'd;
 For as the uproar first began,
 She who had ne'er a thought of man,
 Was with the parish priest a-bed,
 And nightly drove the self-same trade.
 The Abbess overwhelm'd with shame,
 Flew now as hasty as she came;
 The rest were in confusion too:
 Away the crafty Is'bell flew,

Her lover freed,—not much in fear,
 Since silence was the Abbess' care.
 Those, who Sempronius like, believe
 That loud pretences will deceive,
 Prove only this old proverb just,
 The greatest whores still cry whore first.

OH! 'TIS BEEF!

A comic Song.

AIR.—“ Oh 'tis Love.”

WRITTEN BY D. A. O'MEARA.

Oh, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef,
 (Pon my soul I'm not joking,)
 Oh 'tis Beef,
 Affords relief,
 When hunger's most provoking.
 Though many may doat upon mutton,
 And some prefer Veal or Lamb,
 Upon Beef I could feed like a glutton,
 Nor sigh for Poultry and Ham;
 Flank, brisket, or the sir-loin,
 I never could let alone,
 But nice tit bits would I purloin
 From buttock, round or edgebone.
 Oh 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef,
 ('Pon my soul I'm not joking,)
 Oh 'tis Beef,
 Affords relief,
 When hunger's most provoking.
 Though Mrs. Glass I daily look in,
 (No reflection on that cook, the chief,)
 Of all dishes her famous book in,
 There's none can compare with Beef;

How sweet when after my toiling,
 And cutting joints up down across,
 To behold on the gridiron broiling,
 A rump-steak for my oyster sauce.
 Oh 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef, 'tis Beef,
 ('Pon my soul I'm not joking,)
 Oh 'tis Beef,
 Affords relief,
 When hunger's most provoking.

THE MONK AND THE JEW.

A comic Tale.

Stern Winter, clad in frost and snow,
 Had now forbade the streams to flow;
 And skaited peasants swiftly glide,
 Like swallows o'er the slipp'ry tide;
 When Mordecai—upon whose face
 The synagogue you plain might trace—
 Fortune, with smiles deceitful, bore
 To a curs'd hole, but late skimm'd o'er!
 Down plumps the Jew! but, in a trice,
 Rising, he caught the friendly ice.
 He gasp'd, he yell'd a hideous cry;
 No friendly help, alas! was nigh;
 Save a poor Monk, who quickly ran,
 To snatch from death a drowning man!
 But, when the holy father saw
 A limb of the Mosaic law,
 His outstretch'd hand he quick withdrew—
 "For Heav'n's sake, help!" exclaim'd the Jew.
 "Turn Christian first," the father cries.
 "I'm froze to death!" the Jew replies.
 "Froze," quoth the Monk, "too soon you
 know,
 There's fire enough for Jews below."

Renounce your unbelieving crew,
 And help is near."—"I do, I do!"—
 "Damn all your brethren, great and small."—
 "With all my heart—Oh, damn 'em all!"—
 Now help me out."—"There's one thing more—
 Salute the cross, and Christ adore."
 "There, there! I Christ adore."—" 'Tis well;
 Thus arm'd, defiance bid to hell.
 And yet, another thing remains
 To guard against eternal pains:
 Do you our papal father hold
 Heav'n's Vicar, and believe all told
 By holy church?"—"I do, by G—d!
 One moment more, I'm food for cod!
 Drag, drag me out! I freeze, I die!"—
 "Your peace, my friend, is made on high:
 Full absolution, here, I give;
 Saint Peter will your soul receive,
 Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriv'n—
 New converts always go to heav'n.
 No hour for death so fit as this:—
 Thus, thus, I launch you into bliss!"
 So said, the father in a trice,
 His convert launch'd—beneath the ice!

ROASTED CHESNUTS,

A comic Song, as sung by Mr. W. Farren.

AIR.—Ally Croker.

A Spanish Monarch once there was, of potentates
 the paragon,
 His Court was famed for etiquette, and he was
 King of Arragon;
 He dearly loved each Spanish rule that ceremony
 boasted,

And what he doated most on, next, was Spanish
chesnuts roasted.

Oh, the king of Arragon much ceremony
boasted !

Oh, the king of Arragon loved Spanish ches-
nuts roasted !

As round his chair his courtiers stood, all scented,
sweet, and musky,

Said he, " put chesnuts in my fire, although they
make me husky ;"

Which being done,—on politics while he was
ruminating,

Out stole White-Wand, Gold-Stick, Black-Rod,
and all the Lords in Waiting.

In this the court of Arragon small ceremony
boasted ;

But oh ! the king of Arragon, how he lov'd
chesnuts roasted !

When left alone, then thought the King, " too
near the fire they've set me ;

" I must not rise to ring the bell, for etiquette
won't let me ;

" Lord chamberlain will soon return, or else the
heat will melt me ;

" And, if the chesnuts chance to bounce, oh, damn
it, how they'll pelt me !"

Oh, the king of Arragon much ceremony
boasted !

Oh, the king of Arragon, how he lov'd ches-
nuts roasted !

He ponder'd much, and then, a nap his humour
vastly suited ;

When, pop ! a chesnut from the fire his majesty
saluted !

" Good manners in these chesnuts here," quoth
he, " I cannot cry up ;

“ It don't look much like etiquette to bung their
“ monarch's eye up.”

Oh, the king of Arragon, &c.

The fire grew like a furnace hot ; when back the
Lords paraded :

The King sat sweltering in a swoon, by chesnuts
cannonaded :

Lord Chamberlain,” then quoth the King of
Arragon, recovering,

“ When chesnuts next are roasted here, mind not
to roast your Sovereign.”

Oh, the king of Arragon, &c.

THE STAMMERERS.

A comic Tale.

While others fluent verse abuse,

And prostitute the Comic Muse,

In less indecent manner I

Her comic ladyship will try.

Oh ! let my prayer, bright maid, avail !

Grant inspiration to my tale !

A tale, both comical and new,

And with a swinging moral, too.

In a small quiet country town,

Liv'd Hob, a blunt but honest clown ;

Who, spite of all the School could teach,

From habit, stammer'd in his speech ;

And second nature soon, we're sure,

Confirm'd the case beyond a cure.

Ask him to say, hot rolls and butter,

“ A hag-a-gag” and “ splitter-splutter,”

Stopt every word he strove to utter.

It happen'd, once upon a time,

(I word it thus to suit my rhyme ;

For all our country neighbours know,
 It can't be twenty years ago,)
 Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,
 Was busy delving at his dyke ;
 Which, let me not forget to say,
 Stood close behind a public way ;
 And, as he lean'd upon his spade,
 Reviewing o'er the work he'd made,
 A youth, a stranger in the place,
 Stood right before him, face to face :
 " P-p-p-p-pray ! says he,
 " How f-f-f-far may't be
 " To—o—" (the words would not come out)
 " T-o Borough-Bridge, or there about ?

Our clown took huff, thrice hemm'd upon't,
 Then smelt a kind of an affoutt ;
 Thought he, " This bluff fool hardy fellow,
 " A little crack'd perhaps, or mellow,
 " Knowing my tongue an inch too short,
 " Is come to fleer and make his sport :
 " Wauns ! if I thought he meant to quarrel,
 " I'd hoop the roynish rascal's barrel !
 " If me he means, and dares deride,
 " By all that's good, I'll tan his hide !
 " I'll dress his vile calf's-skin in buff,
 " And thrash it tender, where 'tis tough." }
 Thus, full resolv'd, he stood aloof,
 While t'other, in a kind of pain,
 Apply'd him to his tongue again.

" Speak, friend ; c-c-c-c-can you, pray.
 " Sh-sh-sh-show me—on my—way ?
 " Nay, spe-a-eak ;"—" I'll smoak thy bacon !—
 " You have a t-tongue, or I am mistaken."

" Yes—that, th-that-I-I-I-have ;
 " But not for y-y-you—you knave !"
 " What ! cried the stranger ; " wh-wh-what ?
 " D'ye mock me ? T-t-take you that !"—

"Hub? you mock me?" quoth Hob, amain;

"So t-t-take you—that again!"

Then to't they fell, in furious plight,

While each one thought himself i'th' right;

And, if you dare believe my song,

They likewise thought each other wrong,

The battle o'er, and somewhat cool,

Each half suspects himself a fool;

For when to choier folks incline 'em,

Your argumentum baculinum,

Administer'd in dose terrific,

Was ever held a grand specific.

Each word the combatants now utter'd,

Conviction brought, that both dolts stutted,

And each assum'd a look as stupid

As, after combat, looks Don Cupid:

Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought

He'd argue, ere again he fought.

Hence, I this moral shall deduce;

Would Anger deign to sign a truce,

Till Reason could discover, truly,

Why this mad madam were unruly,

So well she would explain their words,

Men, little use would find for swords.

NEDDY CLEAVER, THE SLAUGHTERMAN.

A comic Song, as sung by Mr. Wilkinson.

AIR.—"And we're all treading."

Ned Cleaver was a slaughterman, with such a
killing way,

He did Miss Flare, the tripeman's daughter, into
love betray,

His rival Tuck, the Butcher, a wily tongue had he,

Could coax old Nick, no wonder, for he came from
Carnaby

Spoken—(Market) Tol de rol de rol, &c.

Tuck made Miss Flare to Brisket false, and play'd
a traitor's part,

For with each love letter he always sent her a
large heart,

Ned found it out for she his dog call'd cur and
kick'd away,

And sigh'd "she's false," for don't the song say,
love me love my tray

Spoken—(Pompey.) Tol de rol, &c.

Now with a candle in his cap and melancholy phiz,
He stalk'd about while neighbours cried, "poor
Ned light headed is,"

Ned challeng'd Tuck, but didn't load his pops
with shot or ball,

Says he they've lead enough, for they've just
come from Leaden Hall

Spoken—(Market.) Tol de rol, &c.

Cried Tuck, Ned sticks at nought but Sheep, but
I'll soon make him feel,

And then he fell a sharpening his sword upon
his steel,

He march'd to meet the Slaughterman, and lest
some blood might drop,

He took a sack of sawdust that he'd got from his
own shop

Spoken—(Nibbl'd it.) Tol de rol, &c.

Tuck did'nt want for pluck, and in the greatness
of his heart,

Swore though a Butcher, Ned should find him
quite a Boney part,

Miss was a cag-mag article, with her no more he'd
deal,

And Cleaver such a calf, that he would cut him
up like veal.

Spoken—(Cutlets.) Tol de rol, &c.

But ere they fought as they'd express'd their
bloodiness of mind,

To take them both to Worship Street came con-
stables behind,

Where his Worship, as they loud express'd, their
wish to fight and kill,

To cure them of their malling, sent them to the
Treading Mill

Spoken—(Brixton.) Tol de rol, &c.

THE TAILOR'S RAMBLE.

A Comic Tale.

A London tailor, as it's said,
By buckram, canvas, tape and thread,
Sleeve-linings, pockets, silk and twist,
And all the long expensive list
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Tho' rarely in the garments found;
By these and other arts in trade,
Had soon a pretty fortune made,
And did what few have ever done,
Left thirty thousand to his son.

The son, a gay young swaggering blade,
Abhor'd the very name of trade,
And lest reflection should be thrown
On him, resolved to leave the town,
And travel where he was not known. }
In splendid coach and liveries gay,
To Oxford first he took his way;
There belles and beaux his taste admire,
His equipage and rich attire;

But nothing was so much ador'd
 As his fine silver-hilted sword ;
 Tho' very small, 'twas vastly neat,
 The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
 Beau Banter begg'd to have a look ;
 But when the sword in hand he took,
 He swore by gad, it was an odd thing,
 And look'd just like a tailor's bodkin.
 His pride was hurt by this expression,
 Thinking they knew his dad's profession ;
 Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
 And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
 There soon he found fresh cause for grief,
 For, dining on some fine roast beef,
 One ask'd, " Pray which did he prefer ?
 " Some cabbage, or a cucumber ?"
 The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
 Thought it severe reflection meant ;
 His stomach-turn'd, he could not eat,
 So made an ungentle retreat.
 Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
 And bid his coachman drive to Bath.
 There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was roast goose ;
 And that he might no more be jeer'd,
 Next day to Exeter he steer'd.
 There with some bucks he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they'd found him out ;
 His glass not fill'd, as 'twas the rule,
 They said it was not a *thimble*-full,
 The name of *thimble* was enough,
 He paid his reckoning and went off.
 He then to Plymouth took a trip,
 And put up at the Royal Ship,
 Which then was kept by Caleb Snip.
 The host by name was often call'd
 At which his guest was so much gaff'd,
 That soon to Cambridge he remov'd.

There too he unsuccessful prov'd,
 For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up.
 The Cantabs mark'd how he behav'd,
 And said a *remnant* should be sav'd.
 The name of *remnant* gall'd him so,
 That he resolv'd for York to go;
 There fill'd his bumper to the top.
 And always fairly drank it up:
 "Well done," says Jack, a buck of York,
 "You go thro' *stitch*, sir, with your work."
 The name of *stitch* was such reproach,
 He rang the bell and call'd his coach;
 But 'ere he went, inquiries made
 By what means they found out his trade.
 "You put the cap on, and it fits,"
 Replied one of the Yorkshire wits;
 "Our words in common acceptation,
 "Could not find out your occupation,
 "'Twas you yourself gave us the clue
 "To find out both your trade and you."
 Vain coxcombs and fantastic beaux;
 In every place themselves expose;
 They travel far at vast expense,
 To shew their wealth and want of sense;
 But take this for a standing rule,
There's no disguise can screen a fool.

LONDON REVELRIES.

A comic Song.

Air.—"All the World's in Paris."

Crops like hedge hogs, small white hats,
 Whiskers like Jew Moses,
 Collars padded, black cravats,
 And cheeks as ~~red~~ as roses;

Short frock coats that reach the knees,
Waistcoats striped and gaudy ;
Pantaloons as wide as drays,
And stays to brace the body ;
Oh 'tis cash and only cash,
Makes us dun—and undone,
'Tis but cash can cut a dash,
And sport through Life in London.

Cabriolets that hold but three,
Along the ground are dragging ;
Hacks that weary all the day,
In Rotten Row are fagging ;
Bludgeons like a pilgrim's staff,
Or canes as slight as osiers ;
Doubled hose to shew the calf,
And swell the bills of Hosiers.
Oh 'tis cash and only cash,
Makes us dun—and undone,
'Tis but cash can cut a dash,
And sport through Life in London.

Rum te tum and boxers bold ;
Fancy swells attending ;
Beauty to be bought or sold ;
And folly never ending,
Married women, who have seen
The flat of the Commons ;
Lots of sharps with flats between,
And bailiffs with a summons.
Oh 'tis cash and only cash,
Makes us dun—and undone,
'Tis but cash can cut a dash,
And sport through Life in London.

Play-houses in every street,
Sometimes audience lacking ;
Puffs of every sort we meet,
Vide—Warren's blacking.

Magazines at every price
 Education aiding,
 Gambling Greeks that cog the dice,
 Achilles ! Masquerading !
 Oh 'tis cash and only cash,
 Makes us dun—and undone,
 'Tis but cash can cut a dash,
 And sport through Life in London.

Boats that go to Spain by steam
 America, or Ireland,
 Gas lights that show us gleam
 Enough, I'm sure, to fire land;
 Smuggled lace (that's made in town),
 Beauty's charms to heighten,
 Sold for ready money down
 To various Greens at Brighton !
 Oh 'tis cash and only cash,
 Makes us dun—and undone,
 'Tis but cash can cut a dash,
 And sport through Life in London.

Exhibitions great and small,
 Fit for folks of breeding,
 Exeter Change—hyenns squall,
 For their hour of feeding;
 Almack's with its gay quadrille,
 Cavalries advancing,
 Other steps at treading mills,
 A different kind of dancing,
 Oh 'tis cash and only cash,
 Makes us dun—and undone,
 'Tis but cash can cut a dash,
 And sport through Life in London.

Author's with their plays unplay'd,
 Tailors beyond measure,
 Tradesmen without any trade,
 And Dicky Birds of pleasure;

Lawyers still a thriving race,
 No matter who is undone,
 Courtiers in and out of place,
 Make up Life in London!
 Oh 'tis cash and only cash,
 Makes us dun—and undone,
 'Tis but cash can cut a dash,
 And sport through Life in London.

Loan Contractors who can raise,
 Supplies from every nation,
 Roads improved and mended ways
 By *Macadamization*!
 Aldermen with bellies round,
 And numerous carbuncles,
 Judges with their wigs profound,
 And pop-shops of my uncles!
 Oh 'tis cash and only cash,
 Makes us dun—and undone,
 'Tis but cash can cut a dash,
 And sport through Life in London.

Phrenology which plainly shews,
 Every organ human,
 Mutton pies all hot—old clothes
 To sell by every Jewman;
 Bankers tumbling up their gold
 With their copper shovels;
 Made up goods by auction sold,
 The Great Unknown's Scotch novels.
 Oh 'tis cash and only cash,
 Makes us dun—and undone,
 'Tis but cash can cut a dash,
 And sport through Life in London.

HOW TO SAVE A THOUSAND POUNDS.

A comic Tale.

Hazard, a careless fellow, known
At every gambling-house in town,
Was oft in want of money, yet
Could never bear to run in debt ;
Because, 'tis thought, no man was willing
To give him credit for a shilling.
Dependant on Dame Fortune's will,
He threw the dice, or well or ill ;
This day in rags, the next in lace,
Just as it happen'd, six or ace ;
Was often times, when not a winner,
Uncertain where to get a dinner.
One day, when cruel Fortune's frown
Had stripp'd him of his last half-crown,
Saunt'ring along in sorry mood,
Hungry perhaps for want of food,
A parlour window struck his eye,
Thro' which our hero chanc'd to spy
A jolly round-faced personage,
Somewhat about the middle age
Beginning a luxurious meal,
For 'twas a noble loin of veal ;
And such a sight, I need not mention,
Quickly arrested his attention ;
" Surely," thought he, " I know that face ;
" I've seen it at some other place ;
" I recollect, 'twas at the play,
" And there I heard some people say,
" How rich this fellow was, and what
" A handsome daughter he had got ;
" That dinner would exactly do,
" A loin of veal's enough for two ;
" Could not I strike out some way
" To get an introduction, eh ?

"Most likely 'tis I may endeavour

"In vain; but come, I'll try, however."

And now he meditates no more,

Thunders a rat-tat at the door.

The party-coloured footmen comè.

"Pray is your master, sir, at home?"

"My master, sir, 's at home, but busy."

"Then he's engaged," quoth Hazard, "is he?"

In voice as loud as he could bellow:

"I'm very sorry, my good fellow,

"It happens so, because I cou'd

"Your master do some little good:

"A speculation that I know,

"Might save a thousand pounds or so;

"No matter, friend, your master tell,

"Another day will do as well."

"What's that you say," the master cries,

With pleasure beaming from his eyes,

And napkin tuck'd beneath his chin,

Bouncing from parlour, whence within

H'd heard those joy-inspiring sounds,

Of saving him a thousand pounds.

"My dear sir, what is that you say?"

"Sir, I can call another day;

"Your dinner I've disturb'd, I fear."

"Do pray, sir, take your dinner here,

"You'll find a welcome warm and hearty."

"I shall intrude, sir, on your party."

"There's not a soul but I and you."

"Well then, I don't care if I do."

Our spark's design so far completed,

Behold him at the table seated,

Paying away as well he might,

With some degree of appetite.

Our host, who willing would have press'd

The thousand pounds upon his guest,

Still thought it would not be genteel

To interrupt him at his meal,

Which seem'd so fully to employ him,
Talking might probably annoy him,
So thought it better he should wait
Till after dinner the debate.
And now, "The king and constitution,"
With "Ill success to revolution,"
And many a warm and loyal toast
Had been discuss'd, when our good host
Thought it almost time to say,
"Let's move the order of the day."
Indeed he hardly could help thinking,
'Twas rather odd—his guest was drinking,
(The business not a jot the nearer,)
A second bottle of Madeira,
And that he seem'd to sit and chatter
'Bout this and that, and t'other matter,
As if he'd not the least intention
This thousand pounds of his to mention;
Much did he wish to give a hint,
Yet knew not how he should begin't;
At length, "Sir, you've forgot, I fear,
"The business that has brought you here;
"I think you gave some intimation
"About a saving speculation."
"Ay, sir,—you'll find it not amiss,—
"My speculation's simply this;—
"I hear you have a daughter, sir."
"A daughter? Well, and what of her?
"What can my daughter have to do
"With this affair 'twixt me and you?"
"I mean to make your daughter, (craving
"Your pardon, sir,) the means of saving
"The sum I mention—You'll allow
"My scheme is feasible." "As how?"
"Why thus—I hear you've no objection
"To form some conjugal affection
"For this same daughter." "No, provided
"All other matters coincided.

- " Then, sir, I'll suit you to a hair :—
 " Pray is she not extremely fair ?"
 " Why yes, there's many folks who praise her ;
 " But what is beauty new-a-days, sir ?"
 " Ay true, sir, nothing without wealth :
 " But, come, suppose we drink her health."
 " Indeed I've drank enough already."
 " Oh fie—consider, sir, a lady.
 " By rights we should have drank her first !
 " Pray fill." " Well, if I must, I must."
 " And pray what age, may she be ?"
 " God bless me ! she's just twenty-three."
 " Just twenty-three ? faith a rare age."
 " Sir, you were speaking of her marriage."
 " I was, and wish to know, in case
 " Such an occurrence should take place,
 " The sum it might be in your power
 " To give with her by way of dower."
 " Well then, sir, this is my intent,—
 " If married with my consent,
 " I've no objection, on such grounds,
 " To pay her down ten thousand pounds."
 " Ten thousand, sir, I think you say ?
 " I do." " What on the marriage day ?"
 " The whole." " Then let it, sir, be mine ;
 " I'll take her off your hands with nine,
 " And that you'll call, I'm sure, good grounds
 " For saving you a thousand pounds."

THE END.

